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HOW DAVE McDOUGALL HUNTED WILD GEESE.

By

K. D. JOHNSON.

A Mounted Policeman patrolling the Stony Plain Indian Reserve at Morley called at Dave McDougall's house one day about noon. They invited him to stay for dinner, the main dish being two roasted wild geese.

The meal over, they were having their after dinner smoke when the policeman inquired: "Do you get many wild geese here, Mr. McDougall?"

"No." Dave answered. "Very few. It was just by luck I got these. "The road, you see, has been in such bad shape lately that we could not drive forty miles to Calgary for supplies, and we were running short of grub. Well, a couple of days ago I thought I'd go to the barnyard and kill a couple of chickens. I just got out into the yard when I heard a flock of geese honking. Looking around the end of the barn I saw a flock of about twenty geese circling over the coulee. Finally I saw them settle down in a little slough surrounded by high bullrushes, about three hundred yards from the house. 'Here,' I thought, 'is a good chance to get some good meat', so I went back to the house for my gun, a single-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun with a steel ramrod. I put some powder in the gun and rammed it down with some paper, but when I looked for the shot I found that the shot pouch was empty. My chance of getting some geese appeared to evaporate into thin air. Then an idea came into my head. Wrapping some

paper around the end of the ramrod so it would fit tightly I shoved it down the gun barrel on top of the powder. I slipped a gun-cap on the nipple and went out the back door. The geese were still there in the slough. Sneaking down the coulee out of sight of the geese I stalked them carefully until within about a hundred yards of the slough. Then I got down on hands and knees and crawled up into the bullrushes at the edge of the slough. The geese were sitting close together in the middle of it, most of them with their heads under their wings having a siesta. I yanked the gun to my shoulder and yelled 'Shoo!'. As the geese all popped up their heads I pulled the trigger, waded out into the slough and, believe it or not, picked up eleven dead geese."

"Ah! but Dabid," Mrs. McDougall reminded him, "ye forgot the one that fell behind the barn. That made the even dozen ye shot with that ramrod."

This story was told me by Corporal Chalmers after his return to Calgary from duty on the Stony Indian Reserve in 1897.

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IKJohnston

Dave McDougall

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~~When~~ the meal ~~was~~ over, and they were having their after-dinner smoke the policeman said: "Do you get many wild geese here, Mr. McDougall?" ~~Dave said,~~ "No, very few." It was just by a luck ~~of chance that~~ I got these. ~~As you know,~~ the road's ~~have~~ been in ~~very~~ bad shape lately and we could ~~not~~ drive forty miles ~~into~~ Calgary ~~to get~~ supplies and we were ~~getting very~~ short of "grub". ~~So~~ a couple of days ago I thought I would go ~~out into~~ the barnyard and kill a couple of chickens. I just got out into the yard when I heard a flock of geese honking. ~~I went and looked~~ around the end of the barn ~~and~~ saw a flock of about 20 geese circling ~~around~~ over the coulee. ~~I watched them for a minute or two and~~ finally saw them settle down in a little slough surrounded by high bullrushes about 300 yards from the house. I thought ~~there~~ is a chance to get some good meat, so I went ~~back into~~ the house ~~to~~ get my gun. ~~The only gun I have is~~ a single-barrel muzzle-loading shot-gun with a steel ramrod. I put some powder in the gun and rammed it down with some paper but when I looked for the shot I found that the shot pouch was empty ~~and I remembered I had intended to get a fresh supply when I went into Calgary again.~~ I thought my chance of getting some geese ~~was gone, but~~ an idea came into my head ~~and I took out~~

the steel ramrod and wrapped some paper around the end of it so it would fit tightly in the barrel of the gun and I then shoved it down the barrel on top of the powder. I then put a cap on the nipple of the gun and went out the back door. I took a look around the end of the barn and saw the geese were still in the little slough. I then sneaked down into the coulee out of sight of the geese and stalked carefully along until I got within about 100 yards of the slough. I then got down on my hands and knees and crawled up into the bullrushes at the edge of the slough. I took a careful look through the rushes and the geese were sitting close together in the middle of the slough, most of them with their heads under their wings having a siesta. I then put the gun up to my shoulder and yelled, "Shoo". The geese all popped up their heads and I fired the gun. I then waded out into the slough and, believe it or not, I picked up eleven dead geese!"

Mrs. McDougall who was sitting there listening to the story then exclaimed, "Ah, but David, ye forgot the one that fell behind the barn. That made the even dozen ye shot."

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